

3.
No "Miller/Lafayette, stage 1" enclosure is so laden with specific details that it would warm the heart of even the most jaded of Teutonic scholars, which, of course, is a positive quality by all accounts. It would not surprise me if Miller included your four photographs in "No Empire of Antithesis." I'm sure, in addition, that you will be "reading a paper" at the Lafayette College Conference.

I'm not entirely sure (see "Now there's an idea") that the CHSTM wants the Washington School building. It's a real white elephant that the school board is trying to unload. Heaven help us, the CHSTM is now investigating the possibility of purchasing the former Reynolds building on Salem Avenue.

Yes, the flower box vandalism (see "What an outrage") is an outrage. "Big Rita" (a very nice old woman who hangs out in the Park on occasion) saw the kid do it — but she won't testify for fear of recrimination on the kid's part. Her name is Aaron Moran, and he is a student at Sacred Heart High School. No police can not take any action unless "Big Rita" will testify.

It's curious & interesting how ministers (see Rev. Anderson's letter to you of 9-13-84) "explain away" / rationalize everything in terms of "the Lord's ... plan," — "No Lord must have other plan for you." at such times, Baptist ministers become very much like Jesuits — one speaks of Jesuit casuistry, but does one also speak of Baptist casuistry?

"The Oxford Book of Death" should be a very interesting "livre de Chevet." No fact that such a jerk as Woody Allen should be mentioned therein, or that his opinion should be solicited, is, however,

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enough to make me very wary of the editor and of his or her book.

While flipping and reading in the anthology of English literature that I referred to earlier, I came across a perfectly wonderful poem by none other than Elizabeth the First herself. The entire text of the poem is as follows:

When I Was Fair and Young
When I was fair and young, and favor grac'd me,
of many woe I sought, their mistress for to be;
But I did scorn them all, and answered them
therefore,
"Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere,
emportune me no more!"
How many weeping eyes I made to pine with woe,
How many sighing hearts, I have no skill to show;
Yet I the prouder grew, and answered them therefore,
"Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere,
emportune me no more!"
Then spake fair Venus' son, that proud victorious boy,
and said, "Fine dame, since that you be so coy,
I will so pluck your plumes that you shall say
no more,
"Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere,
emportune me no more!"
When he had spake those words, such change grew
in my breast,
That neither night nor day since that, I could
take any rest,
Then lo! I did repent that I had said before,
"Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere,
emportune me no more!"

Regards —

Robert